

In the Bishop's Carriage

By MIRIAM NICHOLSON

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"Tom—oh, yes, now I remember," Obermuller got between us as he spoke. "Your friend up—in the country that you went to see and couldn't. Not a very good-looking, your friend, Nance. But—farming, I suppose, Mr. Tom?—plays the deuce with one's looks. And another thing it does: it makes a man forget sometimes just how to behave in town. I'll be charmed, Mr. Tom, to oblige a friend of Miss Olden's; but I must insist that he does not talk like a farmer."

He was quite close to Tom when he finished, and Tom was glaring up at him. And, Mag, I didn't know which one I was most afraid of. Don't you look at me that way, Mag Monahan, and don't you dare to guess anything!

"If you think," growled Tom, "that I'm going to let you get off with the girl, you're mighty—"

"Now, I've told you not to say that. The reason I'll do the thing she's going to ask of me—if it's what I think it is—is because this girl's a plucky little creature with a soul big enough to lift her out of the muck you probably helped her into. It's because she's got brains, talent and a heart. It's because—well, it's because I feel like it, and she deserves a friend."

"You don't know what she is," it was a snarl from Tom. "You don't—"

"Oh, yes, I do; you cur! I know what she was, too; and I even know what she will be; but that doesn't concern you."

"The hell it don't!"

Obermuller turned his back on him. I was dumb and still. Tom Dorgan had struck me after all.

"What is it you want me to do, Nance?" Obermuller asked.

"Get him away on a steamer—quick," I murmured—I couldn't look him in the face—"without asking why, or what his name is."

He turned to Tom. "Well?"

"I won't go—not without her."

"Because you're so fond of her, eh? So fond, your first thought on quitting the country was to come here to get her in trouble. If you've been traced—"

"Ah! You wouldn't like that, eh?" sneered Tom.

"Would you?"

"Well, I've had my share of it. And she ain't. Still—I . . . Just what would it be worth to you to have me out of the way?"

"Oh, Tom—Tom—!" I cried.

But Obermuller got in front of me. "It would be worth exactly \$1.75. I think it will amount to about that for cash-hire. I guess the cars aren't any too safe for you, or I might be less. It may amount to something more before I get you shipped before the mast on the first foreign-bound boat. But what's more important," he added, bringing his flat down with a mighty thump on the table, "you have just ten seconds to make up your mind. At the end of that time I'll ring for the police."

I went down to the boat to see it sail, Mag, at seven this morning. No, not to say good-by to him. He didn't know I was there. It was to say good-by to my old Tommy; the one I loved. Truly I did love him. Mag, though he never cared for me. No, he didn't. Men don't pull down the women they love; I know that now. If Tom Dorgan had ever cared for me he wouldn't have made a thief of me. If he'd cared, the last place on earth he'd have come to, when he knew the detectives would be on his track would have been just the first place he made for. If he'd cared, he—

But it's done, Mag. It's all over. Cheap—that's what he is, this Tom Dorgan. Cheaply had a cheap bully cheap-brained. Remember my wishing he'd have been a ventriloquist! Why, that man that tried to sell me Obermuller hasn't sense enough to be a good scene-shifter. Oh—

The firm of Dorgan & Olden is dissolved, Mag. The retiring partner has gone into the theatrical business. As for Dorgan—the real one, poor fellow! Jolly, handsome, big Tom Dorgan—he died. Yes, he died, Maggie, and was buried up there in the prison graveyard. A hard lot for a boy; but it's not the worst thing that can happen to him. He might become a man; such a man as that fellow that sailed away before the mast this morning.

needn't name, would encourage the idea that you're not all heart and no head. I think, Nance, I shall have you mimic the artists during working hours and the business men when you're at play. I fancy apartment houses. They appeal to me. We'll call one 'The Nancy' and another 'Olden Hall' and another . . ."

"What'll I call the third apartment house, Mr. O?" I asked aloud, as I heard the rings on the portiere behind me click.

He didn't answer.

Without turning my head I repeated the question.

And yet—suddenly—before he could have answered, I knew something was wrong.

I turned. And in that moment a man took the seat beside me and another stood facing me, with his back against the portieres.

"Miss Olden?" the man beside me asked.

"Yes."

"Nance Olden, the mimic, who entertains at private houses?" I nodded.

"You—were at Mrs. Paul Gates' just a week ago, and you gave your specialties there?"

"Yes—yes, what is it you want?"

He was a little man, but very muscular. I could note the play of his muscles even in the slight motion he made as he turned his body so as to get between me and the audience, while he leaned toward me, watching me intently with his small, quick, blue eyes.

"We don't want to make any scene here," he said, very low. "We want to do it up as quietly as we can. There might be some mistake, you know, and then you'd be sorry. So should we. I hope you'll be reasonable and it'll be all the better for you because—"

"What are you talk—what—" I looked from him to the other fellow behind me.

He leaned a bit farther forward then, and pulling his coat partly open, he showed me a detective's badge. And the other man quickly did the same.

I sat back in my chair. The fat star on the stage, with her big mouth and big baby-face, was doing a cake-walk up and down close to the footlights, yelling the chorus of her song.

I'll never mimic that song, Mag, although I can see her and hear it as plain as though I'd listened and watched her all my life. But there's no fun in it for me. I hate the very bars the orchestra plays before she begins to sing. I can't bear even to think of the words. The whole of it is full of horrible things—it smells of the jail—it looks like stripes—it . . .

"You're not going to faint?" asked the man, moving closer to me.

"Me? I never fainted in my life. . . . Where is he now—Tom Dorgan?"

"Tom Dorgan?"

"Yes, I was sure I saw him sail, but, of course, I was mistaken. He has sent you after me, has he? I can hardly believe it of Tom—even even yet."

"I don't know anything that connects you with Dorgan. If he was in with you on this, you'd better remember, before you say anything more, that it'll all be used against you."

The curtain had gone down and gone up again. I was watching the star. She has such a boyish way of nodding her head, instead of bowing, after she waddles out to the center; and every time she wipes her lips with her lace handkerchief, as though she'd just taken one of the cocktails she makes in the play with all the skill of a bartender. I found myself doing the same thing—wiping my lips with that very same gesture, as though I had a fat, bare forearm like a rolling-pin—when all at once the thought came to me: "You needn't bother, Nance. It's all up. You won't have any use for it all."

"Just what is the charge?" I asked, turning to the man beside me.

"Stealing a purse containing \$300 from Mrs. Paul Gates' house on the night of April 27."

"What?"

It was Obermuller. He had pushed the curtains aside; the crashing of the orchestra had prevented our hearing



A DETECTIVE'S BADGE.

the clatter of the rings. He had pushed by the man standing there, had come in and—he had heard.

"Nance!" he cried. "I don't believe a word of it." He turned in his quick way to the men. "What are your orders?"

"To take her to her flat and search it."

Obermuller came over to me then, and took my hand for a minute:

"It's a pity they don't know about the Gray rose diamond," he whispered, helping me on with my jacket.

"They'd see how silly this little three hundred dollar business is. . . . Brace up, Nance Olden!"

Oh, Mag, Mag, O hear a man like that talk to you as though you were his kind, when you have the feel of the coarse prison stripes between your dry, shaking fingers, and the close prison smell is already poisoning your nostrils!

"I don't see—"

"how you can believe in me." "Don't you?" he laughed. "That's easy. You've got brains, Nance, and the most imbecile thing you could do just now, when your foot is already on the ladder, would be just this—to get off in order to pick up a trinket out of the mud, when there's a fortune up at the top waiting for you. Clever people don't do asinine things. And other clever people know that they don't. You're clever, but so am I—in my weak, small way. Come along, little girl."

He pulled my hand in his arm and we walked out, followed by the two men.

Oh, no! It was all very quiet and looked just like a little theater party that had an early supper engagement. Obermuller nodded to the manager out in the deserted lobby, who stopped us and asked me what I thought of the star.

You'll think me mad, Mag. Those fellows with the badges were sure I was, but Obermuller's eyes only twinkled, and the manager's grin grew broad when, catching up the end of my skirt and cake-walking up and down, I sang under my breath that soon song that was trailing over and over through my head.

"Bravo! bravo!" whispered the manager, hoarsely, clapping his hands softly.

I gave one of those quick, funny, boyish nods the star inside affects and wiped my lips with my handkerchief.

That brought down my house. Even the biggest fellow with the badge giggled recognizingly, and then put his hand quickly in front of his mouth and tried to look severe and official.

The color had come back to Obermuller's face; it was worth dancing for—that.

"Be patient, Mag; let me tell it my way."

There wasn't room in the coupe waiting out in front for more than two. So Obermuller couldn't come in it. But he put me in—Mag, dear, dear Mag—he put me in as if I was a lady—not like Gray; a real one. A thing like that counts when two detectives are watching. It counted afterward in the way they treated me.

The big man climbed up on the seat with the driver. The blue-eyed fellow got in and sat beside me, closing the door.

"I'll be out there almost as soon as you are," Obermuller said, standing a moment beside the lowered window.

"You good fellow!" I said, and then, trying to laugh: "I'll do as much for you some day."

He shook his fist laughingly at me, and I waved my hand as we drove off.

"You know, miss, there may be some mistake about this," said the man next to me, "and—"

"Yes, there may be. In fact, there is."

"I'm sure I'll be very glad if it is a mistake. They do happen—though not often," You spoke of Dorgan—"

"Did I?"

"Yes, Tom Dorgan, who busted out of Sing Sing the other day."

"Surely you're mistaken," I said, smiling right into his blue eyes. "The Tom Dorgan I mentioned is a sleight-of-hand performer at the vaudeville. Ever see him?"

"N—no."

"Clever fellow. You ought to. Perhaps you don't recognize him under that name. On the hills he's Prof. Hinghworth. Stage people have so many names, you know."

"Yes, so have—some other people."

I laughed, and he grinned back at me.

"Now, that's mean of you," I said. "I never had but one. It was all I needed."

It flashed through me then what a thing like this might do to a name. You know, Mag, every bit of recognition an actress steals from the world is so much capital. It isn't like the old graft when you had to begin new every time you took up a piece of work. And your name—the name the world knows—and its knowing it makes it worth having like everything—that name is the sum of every scheme you've planned, of every time you've got away with the goods, of every laugh you've lifted, of every bit of cleverness you've thought out and embodied, of everything that's in you, of everything you are.

But I didn't dare think long of this. I turned to him.

"Tell me about this charge," I said.

"Where was the purse? Whose was it? And why haven't they missed it till after a week?"

"They missed it all right that night, but Mrs. Gates wanted it kept quiet: till the servants had been shadowed and it was positively proved that they hadn't got away with it."

"And then she thought of me?"

"And then she thought of you."

"I wonder why?"

"Because you were the only person in that room except Mrs. Gates, the lady who lost the purse, Mrs. Ramsay, and—eh?"

"N—nothing. Mrs. Ramsay, you said?"

"Yes."

"Not Mrs. Edward Ramsay, of Philadelphia?"

"Oh, you know the name?"

"Oh, yes, I know it."

"It was printed, you know, in gold lettering on the inside flap and—"

"I don't know."

"Well, it was, and it contained \$300. Mrs. Ramsay says. She had slipped it under the fold of the spread at the top of the bed in the room where you took off your things in Mrs. Gates' presence, and put them on again when no one else was there."

"And you mean to tell me that this is all?" I raged at him; "that every bit of evidence you have to warrant your treating an innocent girl like—"

"You didn't behave like a very innocent girl, if you'll remember," he said, dryly, "when I first came into the box. In fact, if that fellow hadn't just come in then I believe you'd 'a' confessed the whole job. . . . Taint too late," he added.

(To Be Continued.)

NEW FLUSH TANK BOUGHT BY BOARD

Sanitary Flushing Machine Company Gets Contract.

Board of Public Works Orders Streets to Be Cleaned Up and Surfaces to Be Repaired.

A BUSY SESSION YESTERDAY.

The board of public works yesterday issued orders for a general cleaning up of streets and pavements where improvements have been made, ordered contractors to tear up but one block of streets at a time, ordered the police department to see that wagon drivers permitting dirt to drop on the street from their wagons are prosecuted, and ordered contractors to put out more warning signals on improvement work.

The board considered that the Paducah Traction company is tearing up too much street at a time, and should replace the street in its original condition immediately after each block is finished. Wagon owners must all have good end-gates and good wagon-beds to prevent dirt and debris from falling from their wagons. In fact every defect that causes the streets to be littered with debris must be remedied and all ditches dug for water or gas mains must be properly closed or warrants will follow. The street inspector also came in for his part of the criticism, and was ordered to look more closely to his instructions from the board.

A contract with the Sanitary Flushing Machine company of St. Louis, for one street flusher at \$1,000 was authorized. It proved to be the selection made by the board in the test between this one and a machine sent here by the St. Louis Street Cleaning Machine company. A bond is to be given to protect the city in every way in patents on the machine purchased.

Storm water sewers for better drainage at Twenty-first to Twenty-third streets on Jefferson street were ordered constructed at the city's expense.

The city engineer was directed to see that Friedman and Keller remove a small porch from their wholesale house at Second and Jefferson streets. It projects over on the pavement.

Street Inspector Elliott was instructed to make weekly reports as to the progress made by the Southern Bitulithic company in the building of streets, and to see that the work was pushed as fast as possible.

The gas company was ordered to rush work of laying mains on Ninth street from Broadway to Kentucky avenue.

The matter of permitting Central Labor union to stretch a banner across Broadway at Fourth street was referred to the city solicitor for his opinion.

The traction company was ordered to put Ninth street from Clark to Tennessee street in good condition. It recently put in new tracks on this street. The company was authorized to put up 27 new poles on this street.

The Home Telephone company was authorized to put up poles at Fifth and Washington streets and Fourth street between Broad and Elizabeth streets.

The street department was ordered to clean mud from between the Illinois Central tracks at First street and Broadway.

The West Kentucky Coal Co. and others vs. steamer Woolfolk and eight barges.

Whereas libels were filed in the district court of the United States for the western district of Kentucky, at Paducah, on the 21st and 22nd days of June, 1906, by the West Kentucky Coal company and Mississippi Valley Marine Railway and Dock company against the steamer Woolfolk and 8 barges, her engines, tackle, apparel and owners, alleging in substance that said steamer Woolfolk and barges were indebted to them in the sum aggregating \$2,335.97 for fuel, repairs, etc., and that same has never been paid, and prays process against said steamer Woolfolk and barges, and that same may be condemned and sold to pay said claims with costs and expenses.

Now, therefore, in pursuance to the motion under seal of said court to me directed I do hereby give public notice to all persons claiming said steamer Woolfolk and barges, or in any way interested therein, that they may be and appear before the district court of the United States, in the city of Paducah, Ky., on or before the 6th day of August, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m., of that day then and there to interpose their claims and to make their allegations in that behalf.

GEO. W. LONG, U. S. M. W. K. D. By WADE BROWN, Deputy. Campbell & Campbell proctors for libellants.

REFORMED BY SURGERY

"Black Bart" Holzhay, Once Terror of North Woods, Cured of Crime.

Menominee, Mich., July 19.—"Black Bart" Holzhay, the noted bandit who kept the northern part of Wisconsin and Michigan in terror several years ago, has been reformed of his criminal tendencies by an operation. Holzhay was sent to prison in Marquette, where it was believed by those who had him in charge that his actions were due to a diseased mind. The operation followed, and soon afterward Holzhay's character changed. His criminal instincts seem to have disappeared, and he has educated himself. A movement is on foot, headed by E. D. Mosher, former warden of Marquette penitentiary, to have Holzhay pardoned.

WHAT TO DO.

Demonstrated By Teacher With Opportune Example.

Minneapolis, July 19.—"What to do in case a mad dog bursts into a room" was the unexpected problem, the solution of which Dean J. F. Downey demonstrated to his class in pedagogy at the State University summer school today. He was engaged in pointing the pedagogical path to an interesting group of prospective school teachers when through the open door came a dog, snarling, snapping and frothing. Instantly every fair pupil mounted the topmost position of her seat, while the mad-dog brute circled the room. Dean Downey had a revolver in his desk, which he brought into use at once, killing the dog on the spot.

QUITS PULPIT TO GIVE BLOWS.

Indiana Minister Drubs Worshiper in Sight of Congregation.

Marion, Ind., July 19.—Rev. Joseph Best, who has been conducting a series of revival meetings in this city, caused a panic at the services last night by denouncing a stranger in the congregation as a liar and then when the object of his wrath resented it proceeding to give him a drubbing. The men clinched and struggled in sight of the congregation, and it was plain that Mr. Best was doing a good job of trouncing when members interfered and separated the combatants. In the meantime the tent was practically cleared of women and children, who ran into the street. After order was restored Mr. Best finished his sermon.

TO ATTRACT TRADE.

Retail Merchants Consider Several Plans.

Last night the directors of the Retail Merchants' association met and discussed rebating and other forms of attraction to the public, and will report to the association which meets in regular session tonight.

Merchants, through the organization of the association, have succeeded in attracting a great deal of trade to Paducah. One of the inducements is to rebate half the fare it costs to come here from neighboring towns, if sales amount to more than a certain sum.

ST. LOUIS ICE MEN ARE SUED.

Circuit Attorney Sager Attacks Alleged Trusts in Court.

St. Louis, July 19.—Circuit Attorney Sager today filed suits in the circuit court against the Polar Wave Ice and Coal company, alleging that these companies are in a combination to restrain trade and to fix and maintain the price of ice. The suit asks that judgment for \$71,400 be assessed against each company as fines for the 714 days that the alleged agreement has been in effect, and it further asks that the charters under which they have been doing business be declared null and void.

DELIGHTFUL CONCERT.

Given By Paducah's New Military Band.

The Paducah Military band gave a concert last night on Broadway. The hours were from 7:30 o'clock to 9:30 o'clock and at Fourth street and Broadway the crowd nearly blocked the street. The music was excellent and the members of the new band were highly complimented. The next concert will be given Saturday night.

Civil Service.

Examinations for the positions of "veterinary inspector," bureau of animal industry department of agriculture, August 8, and "tracer," for Panama canal, August 22, in the civil service have been ordered for this district.

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